

Without People There Is Nothing

The transparent room was lit by a candle. Three entered. A man, a woman, and a child. They had come from nowhere in particular. None of them had clothes. They sat. They stood. They talked. They were silent. They were.

The man, woman, and child did things together. They became very active and then overactive. At last becoming weary, they slept.

Time passed.

The three woke up and left the room.

End: The air grew cold after they had gone.

The candle burned out.

The room disappeared.

If You See A Trashcan

If you see a trashcan you think I might like, pick it up for me. Nothing modern black and whitish with cold straight lines. Something simple. It doesn't have to be particularly soft or warm. The walls of my room are white, but it doesn't have to be pure. Give no thought to what I'll put in it. My room is sort of square shaped but I'd prefer a roundish trashcan. About a foot or foot and a half high. Preferably with no designs on it. I want to put it in the corner of the room. It has to blend. Nothing fancy. Nothing with a conspicuous amount of aesthetic appeal. I think I want a white smooth round plain one. One that will fit on my head with room to spare.

Please hurry and get the trashcan for I'm decorating my room around it.

— Leslie Stanford Cammer

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